

THE PACIFIC

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Number 29.

The Wiser Faith.

A monk of the olden days that he might have oil for his cup
Planted an olive sapling, then straightway he lifted up
His voice and heart in prayer, saying: "I pray of thee,
O Lord, that its roots may drink, send the gentle shower to my
tree;

Send the soft, warm rain that it needs." So of his love and power
The Lord sent the gentle shower.

Again prayed the pious monk: "Dear Lord, this tree of mine,
That its fruit may be rich with oil as the grape with wine,
Needs the sunshine warm and sweet, and again I pray of thee
That the sunshine's blessings fall on my olive tree."
And the gracious Lord of his bounty bade
It be as the monk had prayed.

"Sunshine and rain are good and my tree hath need of these."
He said, "but the frost hath strength; graciously let it please
Thee to send now the sparkling frost, the cold but kindly frost,
Its tissues to strengthen and brace, else surely my tree were lost."
And lo! on the tree at dawn the dear Lord laid
The frost, as the monk had prayed.

But behold, when the shadows of evening fell
The tree was dead! To his brother's cell
Went the sorrowing monk, his tale to tell.

Then his brother said: "I, too, had an olive tree;
Like yours it was young and strong; like yours it was fair to see;
But when I set its roots with care neath the kindly sod
I made no conditions for it; I trusted my tree to God.
Better than I could know he knew what it needed most;
He knew when to send the sunshine, the rain and the frost.
My tree is a goodly sight, for my simple needs well fit,
And the Lord who knoweth best hath cared for it."

—Carlotta Perry.

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, July 17, 1902

That Drastic Chinese Exclusion Law.

It is not surprising that the New York Independent should, in a recent issue, make the editorial affirmation concerning the Chinese exclusion law, that it "is vicious through and through." This characterization grew out of the developments in the case of the two students of whose detention mention has been made several times in The Pacific during the last few months. Soon after the remarkable article by Miss Luella Miner was published the Oberlin Ministers' Union wrote to Secretary Shaw at Washington in regard to the detention of these students and had reply that the trouble was one of law, and not of administration; and his words were that the law was "very strict, not to say drastic." And the Secretary proceeded to say that if the statement by Miss Miner was correct, that these young men proposed to engage in some work at Oberlin for the defraying of their expenses while in college, they could not be admitted even after all errors in their papers had been corrected; that such work would be in direct violation of the statute.

Voicing their sentiments concerning the situation, the Oberlin ministers state that it is utterly beyond their comprehension that Congress "should have intended thus to discriminate against that class of students who, in all our colleges, rank among the most worthy and the most successful in study"—against those who, by a little manual labor defray in part their expenses. But the Independent declares that it is not beyond *its* comprehension, and recalls with what unanimity Senator Quay's amendment, providing for the admission of those Christian Chinese whose aid in the siege of Peking saved the lives of many Americans and Europeans, was rejected.

We shall not be surprised now if, after all these months of waiting, and after their papers shall have been returned without flaw, an attempt should be made to prevent these young men from remaining here to prosecute their studies, even though they should declare it to be no longer their intention to do some work in order to defray expenses. One of them, while in attendance at school at San Rafael, did so apply himself for a time. We do not believe that the law will be so construed as to debar them now that such intention has been abandoned. But if this should be the result, it will stand as

a burning shame to our American civilization. The disgrace that comes to the nation from having an exclusion law that makes it impossible for Chinese to do a little work, while in college here, to defray expenses, is one which is heavy enough for the nation to bear without that which would come from the sending back of those who, because they thought better things of us, came to us with such intent. But the law is; it is for the authorities at Washington to construe it; and "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Often, as it was with the nation in slavery times, a people must go to great extremes before can come the turning-point toward better things.

It is worthy of note that at this writing, only a few weeks after one of these young men left his school and work at San Rafael, and became an unwilling charge on the hands of others, the fruit is wasting in California orchards because of a lack of pickers, hundreds of thousands of dollars are being lost by the orchardists and a set-back given to the development of the State from which it will require a long time to recover. Of what avail all this effort in our newspapers for many months to induce Eastern people to come to California, with this situation staring them in the face?

It was stated recently by a California business man of excellent judgment, and one who does not employ Chinese, that this State alone could use advantageously to all 250,000 Chinese during the next few years. He meant that if the way were open for them to come work would be found at once for a large number, and that such enterprises would then be undertaken as would after a while make possible the employment of the whole 250,000.

Recently, some of the daily papers have made rather a frantic effort to get orchardists and others in the rural regions to guarantee several months' work to several thousand workmen whom the railroads might gather up in the East, and calling on them to move promptly in this way lest the Chinese exclusion question, because of this great scarcity of help, should be opened up vigorously once more. But the orchardists have regarded the guarantee as too exacting; and further, it is the general opinion that the men could not be secured even if the attempt should be made.

Now that the Chinese question has been settled for a

time, it is rather amusing to read in California papers certain statements commendatory of the Chinese, such as those papers were not publishing a few months ago. This, for instance, in the Oakland Enquirer of recent date: "In the Oakland High School there are Luke Ming, fourteen years of age, whose home is with his parents at Broadway near Tenth street, who is in his second year; Man Fong of East Oakland, who is sixteen years old and a senior, and Miss Laura Chan, also of East Oakland. All are exceptionally fine in their department, as are all Chinese children in school. They are ever at the head of their classes in their studies and in mathematics they excel. By their fellows they are well treated and socially are received as equals. At the Lincoln school are Katie Ming, thirteen years old, who is in the seventh grade; Jennie Ming, who is eleven years old, in the sixth grade, and their seven-year-old baby brother, Freddie Ming, a pupil in B second. The two little girls are as bright as new silver dollars and Baby Fred is the pet of the school. His English is a quaint mixture of baby talk Chinese and pigeon English. There is a laugh in every word he utters, and when he talks to you there is a roguish twinkle in his eye that is irresistible. You could not help loving the tyke if you tried, say his playmates, and he is the bright particular star in his classes. Mary Fong and Sun Fong and Lee Fong, all East Oakland native-born Chinese youngsters, attend the Franklin school, and, like the members of the Ming family, are favorites with their teachers and schoolmates."

Then follow these words by Superintendent McClymonds: "If all our students were like the eight native-born Chinese youngsters who are attending the schools, every day would be a holiday for the teachers in the department, and among educators early death would be unheard of. They are neat and clean personally, they are never brought to book for being negligent or careless in their school work; in modeling and all classes of hand work they excel; they are natural mathematicians and in deportment you invariably find them standing at the highest possible mark."

On the 6th of July the San Francisco Chronicle, in an article on "Students from Afar in the State University," gave the following: "Rev. Jee Gam, pastor of the Congregational Mission, San Francisco, is the proud father of two sons attending the University. The boys are Native Sons and exceptionally bright students. Jee Pond Mooar, the elder, is registered in the College of Natural Science, and upon his graduation will take up the study of medicine. But it is in affairs military that Pond Mooar is most distinguished. He is a favorite of his captain, and in the competitive drill marched in the banner company. He will probably be mentioned for corporal the coming year. The other, Jee Luther McLean, is applying himself to pharmacy, and stands high in his class. Both are accomplished singers, having clear musical voices."

Mention was made also in the Chronicle of Wu

Kui-ling as an accomplished linguist and as one who had made many friends in the University. And of Yeu Chin Yung it was said that he is extremely genial and of a keen mind. Those of the Chinese in the University who are not natives of the United States came here to learn American ways, and so they have no Chinese fraternity, but are scattered about so as to mingle in every possible way with Americans.

Such statements as these concerning the intellectual standing and the popularity among their schoolmates of these Chinese young people add to the strength of the position heretofore taken by the Pacific, that the assimilation of the Chinese would be no extremely difficult task if the United States government were to give them an opportunity to assimilate, such as is given to other nationalities. An other occurrence showing how assimilation works even under the present hindrances was the walking off unhindered, from the steamer Gaelic, of Dr. Yung Wing, of whom the Deputy Customs Surveyor said; "Dr. Yung Wing might easily be mistaken for a South American, as there was nothing about him to suggest that he was a Chinaman."

The Pacific does not despair of better treatment for the Chinese. This question has been discussed during the past year as it never before was discussed. It had no fair presentation here in early years. The public conscience has been stirred of late as never before, and in one way and another this nation will be brought to deal with the Chinese as it deals with other great nations. It may come through bitter experiences, but in the evolution of the years in some way it must come.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Let Us Be Just.

The investigation into the management of the Glen Ellen home for the feeble-minded showed serious error of judgment in the treatment of the inmates on the part of Dr. Lawlor, and his resignation followed as a matter of course. All that The Pacific has to say in regard to this unfortunate matter is in effect similar to what was said last week, that if Governor Gage had not put the institution into the spoils' hopper this very regrettable occurrence of so unwise treatment of the unfortunate inmates would never have come to pass. Certainly it could not have been under the direction of Dr. Osborne who was removed to make place for Dr. Lawlor. But, we are not inclined to regard as deserved all the denunciation certain papers are heaping upon Governor Gage, neither as to this nor other matters. It is impossible to escape from the thought that there is some spite in part of it at least. We should, however, under the circumstances, regard his renomination as a great mistake on the part of the Republican party. Of this, however, we are glad: that the Governor brought suit for libel. The present-day newspapers are entirely wrong and unjustifiable often in their treatment of public men, and it

is high time that some one gave them a lesson that will not soon be forgotten. But it is hard to win in any such case. So careful have the law-makers been in their efforts not to curtail the freedom of the press that the odds are always on the side of the paper in such a suit. We admire the Governor's courage, and hope that there may be more like him in this respect until the newspapers are led to indulge in less vituperation. The young people who read them are brought now to believe that there are a great many more knaves in the world than there are in reality, and on both young and old the effect is a damaging one.

Speaking at the recent meeting of the National Educational Association on "Devotion to Truth," Archbishop Ireland said of the newspaper that its influence was paramount, its responsibility tremendous. Concerning its province he said that "it is to narrate facts, to give the truth, and nothing but the truth; and all the truth; to allow both parties to a controversy to be heard; never to palliate or distort; never to omit when that which is omitted may be of relevancy in the formation of public opinion; never to publish the doubtful as certain, the mere gossip as well-ascertained news: never, above all else, to put before readers error and falsehood. Facts given, the editor is at liberty to argue from them in favor of his own tenets; and even then let there be radiant through limpid lines the fair love of truth, rather than the wish to extol party or sect. Journalism that is fair and honest is one of the nation's most precious inheritances. That which places notoriety and self above truth and virtue, and adopts as its tactics of war the stunning sensation rather than the calm statement of facts, is one of the nation's direst calamities."

A profounder truth was never uttered than that contained in these words by Archbishop Ireland. Would that they controlled in every newspaper office in the country! But when he says that the newspaper is believed today by nearly all who read it, we cannot assent. There is a rapidly increasing class of people who have come to give little credence to considerable that appears in the papers—and the papers have only themselves to blame for it. Especially is this the case as to that which relates to men in public life, and markedly so when they are of different political faith from those who attack them. Similarly within the same party, when papers are owned or edited by men who have themselves an itching for office.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean commends the action of William Thurston Brown, of Rochester, N. Y., in withdrawing from the Congregational ministry; and rightly too. The mistake on the part of Mr. Brown was not in withdrawing from the ministry; it was in denouncing the church. He found it impossible to bring the church to his platform, and concluding that he was all right and the church all wrong indulged in a great deal of uncalled-for criticism. Mr. Brown, as pointed out in *The Pacific* some time ago, stands perilously near the brink over which Professor Herron toppled.

Notes.

In a large number of the copies of *The Pacific* this week there will be found an error in the title of the poem on the cover page. It was corrected in some. It should be "The Wiser Faith," not "The Wise Faith."

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will meet with the Presbyterian ministers at 920 Sacramento street. The Rev. Dr. Minto, who goes soon to Trenton, New Jersey, will speak. The hour is 10:30.

Professor William Bade, Ph.D., of the Moravian Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has accepted a call to the chair of Old Testament Literature in Pacific Theological Seminary; and Professor Thomas Cowden Laughlin of Princeton University, a call to the chair of New Testament Literature.

The financial year of our American Board for Foreign Missions closes August 31st. This leaves but a few weeks for our churches and friends to get in their delayed offerings. A large amount must come in to meet the obligations of the year and prevent debt. All available help will be needed. We trust that no church will fail to do its full part. There are many from whom the agent and treasurer hope to hear. May it be a banner year for the Board on the Pacific Coast.

This week the Rev. J. H. Goodell, who has for four years rendered a most excellent service to Pacific Coast Congregationalism by writing the *Christian Endeavor* notes for *The Pacific*, lays down that work. In his article this week he has a farewell note. We regret very much the necessity of this. On all hands there was satisfaction with what he was doing in this way. But we are glad to announce so excellent a substitute as the Rev. Ben F. Sargent of Berkeley, who will begin the notes next week in his place.

The nerve of the escaped convict Tracy has drawn the admiration of a large number of people, and some have so far forgotten the interests of humanity as to wish that he might escape capture. We have had occasion to remark to some who are young in years that while it was not wrong to admire the pluck and courage of the man, it was utterly wrong to wish for his escape from his pursuers. We had not thought any such admonition would be needed for adults. The man in Seattle who publicly suggested his pardon must be crazy. Think of the conduct of Tracy in shooting the guards at the penitentiary and then later his comrade and brother-in-law Merrill, to say nothing of the other deaths at his hands while the officers of the law were pursuing him! Tracy forfeited all right to life the moment he killed those guards at the Oregon penitentiary. Away with maudlin sympathy, consequent on his courage. It will give us a big crop of desperadoes.

An invitation has been sent by the First Congregational church of San Francisco to all of the home societies of the Congregational churches to hold their next annual meetings in this city. The invitation went first to the Home Missionary Society, inasmuch as it was known that this place had been in contemplation for the next meeting, while the last one was being held in Syracuse, New York. The invitation now includes in addition the Church Building Society, the American Missionary Association and the Education Society. We believe that an acceptance of these invitations will be in the interests not only of Pacific Coast Congregationalism, but of the work throughout the whole country.

Enlightenment and inspiration are sure to come from such a trip, and from a meeting here on these Western shores, even to the best informed. Now that the Presbyterians are to meet in Los Angeles next year and the Canadian Presbyterians in Vancouver, let the Congregationalists give added impetus to the Christian work along by the Pacific by coming to this great central city for the next annual meetings of the societies herein named.

The Bystander.

The Bystander does not profess to be a fisherman, but he tried his hand the other day in a trout stream, which flowed through a fragrant valley, lined with pungent bays and sweet wild flowers. The trout is a keen wary fish, and to catch him one must obey the injunction of the Scotchman, Guy Pearse, tells about, "There be three rules to catch trout," said he. "The first is keep yourself out of sight, the second keep yourself farther out of sight, and the third keep yourself still farther out of sight." The Bystander tried these rules and succeeded in breaking his rod, falling in the stream, and, of course, didn't get a bite. But on another occasion he succeeded in hooking a number from the ripples of one of California's best trout streams.

Some Experiences.

These are not adventures such as Cervantes has narrated about Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but experiences, such as come to people who go off on a vacation.

The Bystander found himself one day in a large summer hotel, owned by a man who, once worldly, is now almost fanatical in his extreme scruples of what is right and wrong. Instead of innocent amusements, he would have prayer-meetings. He would hesitate to eat an egg laid on Sunday. Furthermore, he believes in the immediate personal return of the Lord, and announces the same on his stationery. The Bystander, like many other people, has always found ultra-religious people (as if there could be an ultra-Christian) very hard to get along with. The Bystander took up his abode in a cottage, pinned against the forest, a beautiful spot for contemplation, and made a study of the practical application of a man's conscience to other men's lives. The first conflict came between the owner and the hotel manager, who was not in sympathy with the owner's views. Then came a change in the culinary department—the cook, waitress and stable-boy struck for more freedom, and left with violent denunciations. The cattle took to the hills; the horses in the pasture would not be caught; every living thing ran away, except the donkey and the Bystander, who did not appear to have sense enough to go away!

At length the Bystander and the manager had a conference, which resulted in securing another cook and continuing the battle. The Bystander, seated on the broad verandah, looking both venerable and pious, was naturally taken by a misguided traveler for the landlord. After proper apology was made the tourist went on saying some things about the hotel which it is not proper here to report.

There lies before the Bystander as he writes a pathetic letter. It is from the manager of the hotel. He says, "I took a partner who drove away fifty guests in fifty-eight hours, and now, thank God, I am going to the South Sea Islands. The hotel is closed."

The Bystander smiled when he read this note, but the man who wrote it did not. He should stay in this

country, and not run away from the cares of life. The Puritanic capitalist owner of great estates, who holds to a certain ascetic religious faith, who abrades his conscience on other people, should go to the South Sea Islands and build a hotel, to be run according to his own views. The application of religion to hotels is well and good, but people do not like monks for landlords.

At Church.

There are two bells in the country always cheerful and welcome—the cow bell and the church bell. The sound of a bell on the evening air is always sweet. The cows coming home from the fields are a picture for a Bonheur. Old Uncle Bromley still recites the pastoral in which one smells the new-mown hay and hears the clang and ding, the tinkle and tintinnabulation of the bells—cow bells. The little church has a bell, and the people of the forest like to hear its call to public worship.

The Bystander listened to an old-fashioned sermon by an old-fashioned Methodist preacher. To be sure, there was little relation between sermon and text, but then it was a good inspiring sermon. Many ministers cling to the text very much as they walk a log athwart a stream. Sometimes they fall off, which is a relief to the people who watch the attempt to "stick to the text." In the evening the Bystander preached, and shall always remember the occasion, because there was no Bible in the church. He gave such Scripture as he used from memory. The Bible was at the hotel.

Horses.

Better than bicycle or automobiles, or electric car or steam engine, is the horse. But as the machine which spins over the road requires care and attention, so does the horse need careful treatment. He has been the world's most faithful beast. He has borne generals through the battle smoke, pioneers across the plains, and missionaries around their circuit. In the talk about Whitman's ride (of which the Bystander sometimes grows tired), there is always one signal omission—the horse on which Whitman rode. Had it not been for the horse, where would Whitman have been? Let us not forget the horse in the Whitman statuary.

"Riding," as the English put it, is a delightful exercise, bringing all the muscles into play. The administration at Washington is on horseback so often that we naturally expect nerve, a sound liver and a clear brain in President Roosevelt.

The Bystander has had an old friend in the mountains, and his name was "Buck." He had an eye as clear as a mountain stream, and his neck was clothed in thunder. He was galloped over the hills the other day—not far nor fast—and because of negligence on the part of those who had charge of him died on the barn floor. The Bystander has had a varied experience during this vacation, all of which has been accepted cheerfully and without regret.

No one brings any good report from the Philippines concerning the Catholic friars. Bishop Thoburn said in an address a few days ago at Portland that he had learned from trustworthy sources that four out of every five were scoundrels. Bishop Thoburn tells of meeting at a Protestant religious service in Manila, a Filipino who was banished from the island a few years ago because a Bible was found in his possession.

The religious paper that is published in the Philippines contains reading matter in Spanish, in Filipino dialects and in English.

Their Fourth Corner-Stone.

By W. N. Burr.

On Tuesday afternoon, July 8th, our First church people in Los Angeles held an open-air service that marks an epoch in their history. They are a growing people, those First church folks, and every once in a while they must build for themselves a new sanctuary. It is still four years less than forty years since, as the record tells us, "Rev. Alexander Parker commenced laboring in Los Angeles at the instance of the American Home Missionary Society." That was the initial work out of which this church has grown; and now, with the end of their fourth decade still four years in the future, they are erecting their fourth church building. Probably some disciple of occultism will be able to read the future of this church through those three fours. I have tried to hunt out another one, for it seemed to me there ought to be four of them; but I haven't found it yet. We will hope that the fact that the fourth four is missing does not indicate that same serious lack is to be revealed some time in future. And, by the way, it is Hope street on which the new building is to stand—perhaps that augurs well; but, on second thought, when the congregation gather there, they are not to face that way. I wonder if the "occults" will read woe in *that* fact? What a comfort it is in these days to be able to stand with Paul on Mars' Hill and face Athenian superstition with Christian confidence!

It was the laying of the corner-stone that called us together last Tuesday. I have called it an open-air service, and so it was, for there was no roof over our heads, and the sun was a little inclined to be merciless. The senior pastor was merciful, however, and for once that man, who is usually quite ready to let it be known that he prefers "hats off" in church, told the ladies, and even the gentlemen, they might keep on their head coverings, and even raise parasols and umbrellas, if that would make them more comfortable. And so we all sat with our hats on and peeped at the speakers from under umbrellas as best we could, and heard every word that was spoken.

Appropriate hymns were sung. A Presbyterian minister offered prayer. A Baptist pastor read the 15th Psalm. An English Lutheran minister read a New Testament lesson. And then the Methodist preacher, who has been in charge of the big Methodist church just across the corner from the building our First church people are soon to leave, talked to us good-naturedly about "Our Old Neighbors." Dr. Cantine, if he is a Methodist preacher, has managed to keep himself much of the time since 1886 near to our folks of the First church, so he has had experience with them as neighbors; and he said he had found them to be "quiet, nice neighbors, not much given to borrowing, and often a convenience when persons came to me that I could not use. I always referred such people to Dr. Day, just across the corner." The pastor of the Christian church, that is located near to the new building site, spoke on "Our New Neighbors," and welcomed them to the vicinity that is already a center for about twenty-five congregations.

The junior pastor read an historical sketch, which is briefly outlined in the following, clipped from the Los Angeles Times: "On July 7, 1856, Rev. Alexander Parker commenced laboring in Los Angeles at the instance of the American Home Missionary Society, and held services at the Courthouse. In May, 1867, a lot for the church was bought, and on July 21, 1867, the church was organized in Mrs. Amanda Scott's residence by Rev. Isaac W. Atherton, eight persons being present. The

first service was held November 29th by Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D. The society was incorporated September 18, 1878, and two years later the necessity of a new building was discussed. In July, 1882, a committee was appointed on building and site. The church, built at the corner of Third and Hill streets, was occupied for the first time April 29, 1883, and three weeks later it was dedicated. It had a seating capacity of 400, and its total cost was \$22,273. Only \$533 of this amount was unpaid. In May, 1888, the church property, now the site of the Conservative Life building, was sold, and the congregation worshiped in the Grand Opera house until February, 1889, when St. Vincent's Hall was occupied. The cornerstone of the building at Sixth and Hill streets was laid April 13, 1889, and 200 bricks were laid by Sunday-school pupils and members of the congregation. The chapel of the new building was occupied first on September 29, 1889, and October 13th the auditorium was occupied for public worship. The total cost of the lots, building and furnishings was \$71,975."

In the course of the reading the junior pastor announced that permission had been obtained to remove the corner-stone, with its contents, from the church building they are soon to leave, which has been sold, and this old corner-stone will be placed in the foundation of the new church.

With appropriate ceremonies the new stone was then laid by W. F. Bosbyshell, the President of the Board of Trustees, after which the address of the afternoon was given by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D., of Redlands:

"This is a suggestive stone," said Dr. Williams. "Let us take note of some things it is saying to us. I do not know where it came from nor what its previous history has been. But it answers the purpose. So men and women are to come to this church from all quarters, but where they come from, and what their past has been are less important matters than their aim, their purpose for the future. Then this is only a foundation stone. It suggests progress. There is something still to come after this stone—the building that is yet to be erected. And yet, this stone has its place; the building would be weak without it. A man who had listened to a sermon from the text, "Being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone," said: 'Why do not the preachers give us sermons based on the thought: Built upon the foundation of the twentieth century? That other is of the past. It is old-fashioned. We want up-to-date sermons in these days.' What a confusion of ideas! We are building grandly in this twentieth century, but what is a building without foundations? We must honor the foundations of our faith, while we build the foundation principles through our best effort into the superstructure."

"Again, this stone is prophetic and not historic in its suggestions. It speaks of days yet to come. This building is to rise, be finished and dedicated to the worship of God, and its pews will be filled with an eager throng, intent upon the gospel message. Some day a bride and groom, with joy in their hearts, will come here to take upon themselves their marriage vows. Another day a sad procession will move down the aisles, and mourners will set here to be comforted with the promises of God. There will be a day when the Spirit of God will come down, and the people will go out to face life with a clearer vision of its meaning. Public occasions, when matters of great interest in church and state shall be discussed, will be celebrated here. And the prophecy of the stone looks on to the crowning day when we shall all be built up into Christ, our head; when we shall have

grown beyond the need of the material building, and shall have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Corona, July 11, 1902.

Experiences in Europe.

H. F. Burgess.

It is more than three weeks now since I arrived in Europe. The first twenty days of that time was spent in Holland and Belgium. I treasure the memory of a Sunday spent in Leyden, where I was constantly reminded of the labors of Rev. John Robinson and their influence upon modern Congregationalism. At Amsterdam I saw the rough diamond polished and studied the paintings of Rembrandt. At Bruges an exceptional opportunity was given for the study of old Flemish masters by the Exposition of Antiquities. Here I obtained my first view of royalty, in the person of King Leopold II and his daughter. I shall never forget the "Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb," by Jan and Hubert van Eyck, in the Cathedral of St. Baron, at Ghent. Nothing I saw at Brussels impressed me so much as its beautiful parks, boulevards and its magnificent Bois de la Cambre. I enjoyed my ride to the battlefield of Waterloo on the top of a coach, although it rained all the afternoon. One needs more than three days to see Antwerp thoroughly, with its wealth of art treasures and its historic associations, but I tore myself away at the end of that time and came to London for the coronation. Imagine my consternation when I found that it was indefinitely postponed, on account of the King's illness. I was partially compensated, however, for my disappointment, by a service which I attended yesterday—the day on which the coronation was to have taken place—at the City Temple. It was a United Free church service of Intercession, both for the King and for Dr. Parker, the pastor of the church in which the service was held, who is also very sick. Rev. Dr. Townsend, President of the National Council of Free Churches, presided. The order of service was almost the same as that drawn up for celebrating the coronation.

A message from Dr. Parker, written at his dictation, was read. He spoke of extreme weakness and inability to speak above a whisper. If his voice is restored so as to be heard again in public, he expresses a determination to be more intensely evangelical than ever. The sermon was by Dr. R. F. Horton from Ps. xlv: 1. I was particularly impressed with the boldness with which the preacher spoke. He intimated that all present might not agree with him, but frequent bursts of applause indicated that he had the sympathy of his vast audience. In answer to the question, What is the meaning of that empty coronation chair, that unused crown? the speaker said it was God's warning against pride, boasting and national self-confidence. He regarded the occasion as an extraordinary challenge to make Jesus Christ our King. That was why the crown was not placed on a human head. "Will you have this other king to reign over you?" he asked. "Shall we not bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all?" After referring to Victoria, the speaker said the King had resolved to walk in the steps of the good Queen and there were many signs that he was serious in this resolution. The speaker repudiated the theory that the crowning of a king was a sacrament which changed his nature. In conclusion, he said, "We Free Churchmen are not one whit behind our fellow-countrymen in loyalty to the throne. Our lips are not shaped to adulation. We are loyal to the sovereign according as he is good. We judge the King by what he does. We cannot re-

gard that as good upon the throne which we would not consider good in our homes. We love our King in proportion as we can say of him, "Thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. May that be the unction, the anointing of our King!"

London, June 27th.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A Congregational Colony.

A well-known Congregational layman said to a lady of my acquaintance lately, "If Aloha will get a Congregational colony to come to Saratoga, my family will join it." Friends, there is no need of any man's leading a Congregational colony to Saratoga. Providence began that useful work thirty years ago, when the Congregational church was born. The Farwells, who sleep in the beautiful cemetery here, laid foundations, and their son and daughter have, with unparalleled devotion, continued the good work. Three good pastors have ministered here, of whom two survive to rejoice in its ongoing. Pastor Cross has seen seven saloons die out of nine, and the lingering ones cannot get a county license, but do their suspicious work under cover of a U. S. Government wholesale permit. We hope our children will live to see this forbidden. So we vote and pray. We have a good school with Christian teachers. All our churches believe in missions. All are organized in denominational loyalty. Yet we combine for quarterly temperance meetings and frequent missionary addresses.

Doctor Ament and the lamented President Barrows recognized our missionary zeal, and came freely to cheer our enthusiasm. The secretaries and treasurers of all the Boards expect us to fill our apportionments. It is a miracle every time, but the good women here work miracles. We have a gifted leader in Sunday-school work—Mr. Henry T. Plant. And Mrs. Howard's pleasant boarding home in the "Oak Grove Cottage," The bluest-blooded Congregationalist from Boston would feel at home in this environment. Mr. Geo. W. Scott brings his pastor, Mr. Hitchcock, into the fascinating vacation region and the glories of the Santa Cruz Mountains and the charms of the "Twenty-seven Mile Drive" hold him as they do the abundant guests of that home whose keepers' hearts are as big as their hospitable porch—all which means that there is already the beginning of a Congregational colony. If any dear friends who covet that fellowship want to find homes here Deacon F. M. Farwell will give them disinterested advice without charge. Rev. E. S. Williams will tell any missionary friends what modest courtesies the Saratoga missionary settlement can show to missionaries either home or foreign. If there be any planner for the kingdom of God who would like to begin such a work as the sainted Goodsell began at Carleton College, or the pioneers began at Pacific Grove, let him come and look the ground over. Many hearts are praying that we may have one of the beautiful groves of this region for public religious service. There are many occasions for patriotic, temperance and missionary addresses, when one of these groves would fill a great want. Saratoga can help, can appreciate, can use such a grove, but not now provide it unaided. There will be gladness on earth, and joy in heaven, when some elect saint leads in providing this great desideratum. May grace be on him who even considers and contemplates this service for him whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. Amen!

The Old Testament in the New.

(A Plea for an Unfettered Exegesis, by James Wells, D.D., of Glasgow, in the British Weekly.)

I am to record some of the impressions made upon me by the recent discussion of this question among us. Dismissing all references to individuals, I shall deal only with this critical movement! and, for brevity's sake, I shall call it the new criticism.

The fear of prediction in the proper sense of the term is ever before its eyes. It gladly enlarges upon foreshadowings, suggestions, a moral historical growth which reaches its culmination in Christ, and anticipations of the Spirit of Christ; but its tendency is always to minimize the prophetic element in the Old Testament.

Suppose that this new criticism is correct; what then?

During the last nineteen centuries hundreds of millions of Jews have daily recited a creed which declares their faith in a personal and predicted Messiah. Where did they get this creed? Not certainly from the New Testament or from the Christian Church. They must have got it from their own Bible.

Moreover, the Jewish Church before Christ was perfectly unanimous in its Messianic creed. Their rabbis were the greatest experts in Hebrew lore the world has seen. Were they all mistaken in their exegesis? It is said that every Jewish mother hoped that her man-child would be the Messiah. Ancient Israel, like Rachel, died on the way to Bethlehem; but the child has survived in the Christian Church.

Once more: On the threshold of the gospels we are saluted by Zecharias and Elizabeth, the Virgin Mary and Joseph, the shepherds of Bethlehem, Anna and Simon, the Baptist and his disciples. The Messiah is the inmost core of their religion. And he is not merely a foreshadowed, he is a definitely predicted Messiah. Even Herod, the murderer of the innocents, shared this universal Messianic hope. The woman of Samaria, a poor outcast, had a very small Bible, yet even she confessed, "I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come he will tell us all things." "Is not this the Christ?" she exclaimed. Bishop Horsley, in a very learned and striking lecture, shows how a Jewish peasant like her could hardly miss the Messiah in the Pentateuch.

Again: The addresses of Christ and his apostles to the Jews are absolutely unintelligible unless we believe that every Jew in their day confidently expected a Divine Messiah. These Jews never once challenged what the preachers always took for granted.

But these are not the strongest parts of our argument. For, "besides numberless allusions of various kinds in the New Testament to the Old, there are somewhat more than 250 express citations in the writings of the one from those of the other"—so says Principal Patrick Fairbairn in his "Typology of Scripture" (4th edition, Vol. I., p. 423). Another writer says that Christ made about ninety of these citations. A close scrutiny suggests that about two hundred of these quotations are Messianic predictions. Besides, we have probably about two hundred references to Messianic types. Moreover, as the air is full of latent electricity, which becomes patent now and again in lightning or in wireless telegraphy, so a Messianic element pervades Christ's Bible, and often flashes forth in type and prediction. To those who understand it, says Augustine, the whole Old Testament is a prediction of Christ.

The Old Testament pioneers the New. It is not only behind, it is under the New; not only its hinterland,

but its foundation-stone. That Jesus is the Messiah is the foundation of the Church, Neander says. Christ found himself everywhere in the Old Testament. He and his apostles are ever claiming that the events under their eyes were foreseen and foretold by ancient seers. It was everywhere Christ's way, as in the synagogue of Nazareth, to read or quote a prophecy, and then to offer himself as its fulfillment. Is this method still legitimate and valid? If we wish to get "back to Christ," must we not get back to his interpretation of his Bible?

Dr. Patrick Fairbairn thus concludes his exposition of a host of Messianic prophecies. "Any interpretation of these passages which would deny their fair and legitimate application to Christ and the things of his kingdom must be regarded as a virtual reflection on the wisdom and authority of Christ himself" (Vol. I., p. 435).

The new criticism will scarcely allow us two or three undoubted predictions of the Messiah. One often wonders what was fully present to the minds of the prophets; but surely some of them had a real vision of the Divine Coming One, who was to redeem Israel and put all things right. Let us see how it fares with the new criticism when it handles the Messianic predictions. Two cases must stand for all. Isaiah says (vii: 14): "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." The explanation now offered is, "Whether the promised Unborn was an individual or a future generation of Israel, it is difficult to make out; but probably the latter is what Isaiah intends." But even Ewald says of this verse, "Every interpretation is false which does not admit that the prophet speaks of the coming Messiah." Isaiah again says (ix: 6): "His name shall be called Wonderful (literally, the wonder, the miracle, as if nothing else deserved the name), Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." "The Prince in this passage," the new criticism says, "is an earthly monarch, with offices that are political, not spiritual." "These names do not imply Deity; while all the functions attributed to the Promised King are human." It is added that these are human. "It is added that these names are 'too generous, perhaps, for a mere mortal.'" The "perhaps" indicates some hesitation. I do not wonder at it. Pharaoh and Caesar were worshipped out of compliment, but their worship was matter for mirth to all concerned. But Isaiah's words have intense reality and earnestness, and his soul exults in the glories of the Prince. Since the world began did any man in his right mind ever offer such homage to a mere mortal, or an idealized sovereign? I refuse to believe it. One's intellect revolts against such intolerable exaggerations.

This argument might be greatly reinforced by a sober exegesis of scores of Scriptures. For example, "They shall fear Thee as long as the sun and moon endure. * * * Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations (that is, all the Gentiles) shall call him blessed" (Ps. lxxii.).

Consider what must follow if these words are not to be applied to Christ only. Are they not downright idolatry? The Old Testament writers always denounce idolatry with tremendous earnestness; and here and in many other passages they are setting traps for idolatry and zealously recommending it! Are we to believe that the Bible approbates and reprobates with equal energy, and is thus reduced to a chaos of self-evident contradiction?

The new criticism seems to credit the prophets with a profounder insight into the moral and political forces around them than was displayed by Augustus, or Bona-

parte or Bismarck, while it would deny them such a conception of the Messiah as was possessed by countless millions of Jewish peasants. These seers, it would seem, were as much beneath their contemporaries in knowledge of the Messiah as they were above them in intellectual and spiritual attainments. We must mistrust the exegesis which offers us such astounding incredibilities, and which does not try to show how its results can be harmonized with the attitude of Christ to his Bible.

This paper invites attention to some colossal facts, which belong to the essence of the case under discussion. In estimating these facts, the scholarly expert has no advantage over the average Bible student. In this region speculation must yield to fact. Every fact is God's fact; it can only be a gain to the lover of truth; and we must make room for it.

For these and other reasons I hold that, in this particular case, the new criticism has been led far astray by a fettered exegesis. I believe that its fetters have been forged by presuppositions about the origins of religion and Scripture. It seems plain that it has not yet frankly faced all the facts relevant to this great problem, and that it is not likely to do so till it has been emancipated from some of its favorite theories.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Worshipping the Golden Calf. (Ex, xxxii: 1-6, 30-35)

Lesson IV. July 27, 1902.

The "Book of the Covenant," following immediately after the Ten Commandments, including chapters xr: 22 to xxiii: 33, is considered the most ancient bit of legislation given us in the Pentateuch, and its study would well repay members of Bible classes. While its precepts are intermixed to some extent, the general outline may be readily gathered: (1) Laws of worship (xx: 22-26). (2) Rights of the Individual: (a) Of Slaves (xxi: 1-11); (b) Of Assaulted Persons (xxi: 12-32). (3) Rights of Property (xxi: 33-xxii: 15). (4) Laws of Purity (xxii: 16-20). (5) Laws of Justice (xxii: 21-xxiii: 11). (6) Of Sacred Seasons (xxii: 12-19). (7) Promise of Blessing Conditioned on Obedience (xxii: 20-33).

Very appropriately comes an account of the national covenant (xxiv: 1-11) and of Moses going into the immediate presence of God (xxiv: 12-18) that he might receive a visible image or pattern of the invisible or heavenly sanctuary (chaps. xxv to xxxi). It was during these forty days that the scene of our lesson occurs.

1. The forty days.

A perennial lesson is borne to us from this interval of time in its results to different people. To Moses it was a period of preparation for better leadership. The strongest must be strengthened; the leaders must be led of higher power. Washington expressed this in his utterances; Lincoln also in his hours of greatest responsibility; and Gladstone is a conspicuous example of a legislator who was much with God. Great drains are made upon leaders, and springs from higher levels must be continually filling their cisterns, else the outflow becomes impoverished and unfit for the followers. The secret of Moses' great leadership lay in those constant ascents of the mount, and being in the immediate presence of Jehovah. It was a time of privilege. To Aaron it was a time of trial. He evidently took first place before the people, during the absence of Moses, but his unfitness for the position stood out conspicuously when the people made their demands. He needed training

for the important place he was to occupy as high priest of this people, and these forty days gave him a lesson which he would not forget. He who stood to make atonement for the sins of the nation, had as great need of atonement for himself. It was a time of testing for the people. Their impatience was very natural. In the midst of the desert, liable to the attack of enemies, and as yet little more than an unorganized multitude, six weeks of inaction meant much. Nevertheless, their very inexperience should have made the leading spirits more cautious. The forty days put the people through much the same test that all the experiences since they started from Egypt had been designed for—trust in God. They had a different phase of it each time, and here was a lesson of patient abiding God's time of action. Although their daily sustenance was given, and the great revelation of God's Personality was but a few weeks old, while the covenant ratified was even more recent, and the cloud into which Moses had gone still hung over the peak of the mount, signifying the presence of God, they could not longer stand the test on their patience. They must be moving, journeying toward the Promised Land, if not with Moses, then without him. The slur cast on their great leader in the words, "As for this Moses," voices the principle coming through the ages, of turning upon one who finds a popular following, and apparently fails in ability to carry out his project. Ingratitude is too often conspicuous for us to wonder at, but even more to be wondered at is the willingness of succeeding generations to give it room. Let us be very lenient in our judgment of these Hebrews. It was a testing time, which is repeated in our history national and personal; it may be we are passing through it now.

2. The molten calf.

The demand made by the people is very striking. Of course, it came through the leaders, probably through their instigation. It was not a demand for a return to the idolatry of Egypt, nor even for an idol *as such*, but it was for a *representation of Jehovah*. "Up, make us a god, which shall go before us"; and Aaron's words, "This is thy god, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt" (vs. 1 and 4, R. V. margin). The idea, then, was not to adopt or worship another god, but to make a tangible, visible image of Jehovah, in a word, to misrepresent God, and adopt and worship that misrepresentation! Now, this was precisely what all of God's training of this people had been working against. In one sense this long absence of Moses was a part of that very education. He who had performed all those miracles in Egypt, who had the "wand of God," with which great wonders were wrought, whose power with God had come so opportunely to their rescue, even during the short desert journey, who had stood between them and Jehovah in the recent disclosures and covenant making, and had been singled out from their highest and holiest as the only one that could go into the immediate presence of God, was there no danger that this people would consider him in the room of God, and render him an homage more than was due to man? Was he not a representative of God to them which could easily be converted into a representation of God? It was not uncommon in that age for men of much less attainment and character thus to be deified. But forty days' absence in the mount tended to dispel all this possibility. He might be dead, destroyed by the powers which had been displayed in that cloud, or killed in some manner unknown. Nevertheless, there, on the mountain peak, was the token of the Divine Being and

Presence. God was steadily teaching them of himself. He would not even be represented in one so near to himself as Moses. They were to have no image of him, even as he had commanded. All this makes their demand the more striking. They wanted Jehovah to "go before" them, and as they could not apparently have him in Moses, they would choose some image that would remain, something that all could see and worship, all the time. So they prevailed on Aaron to make the symbol, a misrepresentation of their glorious Jehovah. Alas, alas, what Israelites are we all! Much has been said about our making golden calves of our wealth, ambitions, appetites and passions. Perhaps we do and worship them too, but there is a far deeper lesson for us here. It is not substitutes for God, but misrepresentations of God, that are in question. One would think that we had light enough, education enough, sense enough not to do such a thing. But one puts severe justice and worship that as the God who is to go before him; another a flimsy emotion misnamed Love; another molds some "ism," and calls that his God; and still another mounts some doctrinal hobby and worships that. The world—yes, the Christian world—is full of partial representations of our great and glorious God, and many are the "golden calves" still being carved out.

3. The sin of the people.

Worship was offered to the image made. This violated the second command. In the verses omitted from the lesson there is given the effect on Moses upon his return. Who can wonder? The contrast between his forty days with God, the holy, the pure, the Spirit, and this scene of gluttony and wine drinking, and "playing," a term signifying practices of which we may not write, must have shocked his soul to the center. His breaking of the tables was a visible indication of the people's breaking of the command; his indignation of the greater wrath of Jehovah. It was sin, and punishment consequent upon it was a much-needed lesson, that they might know how awful it was in God's sight. It is the same now. "Stand in awe, and sin not" needs to be written over our soul's portals, in view of the ease with which we often disregard Divine commands.

4. The mercy of God (vs. 30-35).

Moses' intercession was received, but only because of that divine mercy, which is from everlasting to everlasting. The grounds on which the proposed rejection of the nation was based are: broken commands xxxii: 8; idolatrous practices (v. 7); hard-heartedness (v. 9). Note also, that the outcome was dependent on things being as they were (v. 10). "Let me alone," which involved the people being left alone also. But Moses was quick to catch the other possibility. There was work for him—great, immediate, vital. First with God, as intercessor, so he pleads—former choice and manifestation of divine power (v. 11); the effect of apparent failure (v. 12); long established purpose and ancient covenant (v. 13). He fulfilled the thought long afterward through Isaiah (lxii: 6, 7)—I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night; ye that are the Lord's remembrances, keep not silence, and give him no rest." Then down to the people he rushes to change conditions among them, convince of sin, lead through severe punishment to repentance and contrition; and back into the mount to plead forgiveness, and receive it for that great multitude, whom he would not leave alone. The two parts of prayer here become visible, intercession with God—action with sinners. The necessary result of sin if God and man are "left alone"

—apostasy and punishment. The mercy that will be prevailed with and encourages us to bring men to conditions where pardon and blessing are possible. The Divine guidance which will lead out of evil and save by the Angel of his presence.

Hilo, Hawaii.

The congregation of the First Foreign church, Hilo, has, in addition to its regular work, carried on two important and successful mission enterprises. For years they have maintained a free kindergarten, open to all races of Hilo's cosmopolitan population. This last year the enrollment has reached seventy, and the average attendance about fifty. Miss Maud Cheek, of Berkeley is the principal. Three years ago, Mrs. Abbey and several helpers opened at Waiakea Landing (Hilo's Five Points) a sewing school, which met on Thursdays, and a Sunday-school. The attendance from the first was large and constantly increased, so that the small and dilapidated chapel belonging to the Hawaiian church was no longer adequate. Mr. C. C. Kennedy very generously supplied the needs by erecting a large chapel. Here the work for the children has since been carried on, the Sunday-school service being broadened so as to reach and attract those of adult age. A popular entertainment is held every Saturday evening. Mrs. Abbey, who started this promising movement, died while on a visit to New York, and Mrs. Levi Lyman has since had charge of the work. Rev. J. A. Cruzan has closed his four years' pastorate in this important field, and has sailed with his family for California, where he expects to arrive about August 1st. His address for the present will be 883 Bush street, San Francisco.

The Coeur D'Alenes.

In response to letters missive from the Christian people of Kellogg, Idaho, an Ecclesiastical Council met at that place on June 30th, for the purpose of recognizing a Congregational church. The following churches were represented: Cheney, Wash., Rev. J. C. MacInness; Wardner, Rev. O. F. Thayer and Mrs. Agnes Swinterton; Mullan, Rev. Edmund Owens and delegate, Mr. Claude Shields. Rev. J. C. MacInness was elected Moderator, and Rev. Edmund Owens, Scribe. After reviewing the proceedings and finding them satisfactory, the Moderator declared the church duly constituted. The new church is composed of thirty members, fourteen of whom came by letter and sixteen on profession of faith. Rev. O. F. Thayer of Wardner was elected pastor.

The evening service was well attended and great interest was shown by those present. Six members received Christian baptism, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was conducted by Rev. O. F. Thayer, assisted by Revs. J. C. MacInnes and Edmund Owens. This church starts out well and promises to be one of the strongest in this region.

All of our churches are now well manned. Rev. J. R. Orr has begun vigorous work with the Wallace church. Rev. Edmund Owens cares for the Burke church in connection with Mullan.

The Ladies' Guild of Burke gave a social on June 17th, from which they realized \$65, which they will use in the erection of a church in that most ungodly of all the camps.

Children's Day was observed in Mullan on the 15th of June. The offering for the day was \$15.

Prospector.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Missions: A Meeting in the Interest of Medical Missions. "Preach, Heal." (Matt. x: 7, 8.)

Topic for July 27, 1902.

Do not be misled by the connection here made between this passage of Scripture and the theme, "Medical Missions." The relation between these words, preach and heal, with which Jesus sent his disciples into the field of Christian work, and our duty, is one of principle and not of command. If these verses were a literal command, universally applicable to all workers in the kingdom, in all time, then the following verses, giving minute directions as to the provision the apostles were to make, and the way they were to conduct themselves in every "city or village," would be equally important and binding. And besides this, we ought to establish missions of resurrection, as well as medical missions, for Jesus commanded his disciples to "raise the dead," when he said, "Heal the sick." Much confusion and division have resulted from pressing the literal statements of our Lord, without the proper modification of time and place. So we often kill with the letter when we might make alive by adopting the spirit of his teachings.

* * *

The principle here taught is that the gospel of salvation is to include all that belongs to the comfort and usefulness of men. Preaching is not the only thing expected of our Lord's workers. The great thought of this work is freedom of helpfulness. God has yoked together deliverance in spiritual life with blessing in physical and material matters. He began and continued his own initial work in that way. He taught men and he helped them. He also put the two things in their proper order of importance. He did not come as a healer himself, and he did not send his workers out primarily as either healers of the sick or raisers of the dead. He and they were preachers of the glad tidings of relief from sin and restoration to the joys of the kingdom of heaven. They healed and called the dead to life and cast out demons as extending their kind helpfulness to all the great necessities of the human life.

* * *

The mischief which is wrought in our day is when men put asunder what God has joined together. It is as bad on the one side as on the other. One set of people emphasize the healing part of the gospel. It forms the larger part of their thought and speech. They hold that up as the chief value of their sect or enterprise. On the other hand Christian churches and the people who are in them are too neglectful of this part of the gospel work. We make great effort to attract and persuade the multitudes to attend church to hear the preaching, while we are not sufficiently interested or careful to feel and to show a real interest in their comfort and their happiness.

* * *

In either case this is manifestly wrong. It is not the way Jesus did, and it is not the plan he started. The impression is widely prevalent that if you want to put yourself into helpful surroundings, you must join some lodge or fraternity. The very countries where the churches are most numerous, and where the gospel is most universally preached, are crowded with organizations which offer interest and friendship and protection and assistance. And while this is true in this direction,

the impression is similarly pervasive that the church, in all its services, socials and enterprise, is mainly seeking to add to its numbers, its revenue and its popularity. Now, whether this impression of either sort is just or not, the arrangement is all wrong. Even medical missions are not to be thought of as mainly a device by which people are to be enticed into the church, or the missionary enterprises made successful.

What the world, at home as well as among the heathen, most painfully needs is a hearty return to the principle of this tenth chapter of Matthew. This body of workers whom Jesus is sending out to the building of his kingdom, is to make the impression that they bring to men the message of God, and, because they serve him, they love and work for the comfort and happiness of men. Whatever the Church may believe, and whatever the demand may be to "adjust itself to the new order of things," there is one thing which is imperative if she is to hold her place and do her work, and that is to make it plain to everybody that she exists to bring the message of salvation to our souls of sin, and to take pains to give joy and help to all who come to it.

* * *

Medical missions seem, just now, to be the very best way by which we can carry that impression to the nations to which our missionaries go. The great errand of medical missions is not simply to heal so many persons. It is not merely to form a vestibule of entrance into the church. Its greater work will be to cultivate in ourselves—the workers whom Jesus has sent first and foremost to proclaim the message of the Christian life—the disposition and the habit of taking a personal interest in people and giving ourselves unselfishly to doing them good in their feelings and their circumstances. The crying want of today, both at home and abroad, is a multitude of Christians who will think less of their purses and their lunch baskets, their coats and their staff, and much more of pleasing Jesus Christ in the lodge and of making the people happy and holy in the church.

Note.—In closing my connection with these Christian Endeavor notes, I wish to thank the editor of The Pacific for his courtesy, and to express my gratitude to the many readers who have spoken kind words of appreciation to the writer during these five years. It is this indication that these notes have been helpful to the Christian life of some, which has furnished the incentive to their continuance to this time. J. H. G.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

The Pagoda Anchorage Schools.

[Continued from the Pacific of July 10th.]

I cannot take you to each of the fourteen day-schools which have been in my care, and they represent only half the number in the entire Pagoda Anchorage Station. Each has its own story of difficulty and victory. I will only mention one more. At Au-guang, the preacher teacher had collected only a few boys, but when told that the money was given largely for girls, immediately added nine girls to the roll; they came regularly and did good work. This was possible because his wife was with him, so there were no questions of propriety.

In the fourteen schools there have been 226 boys and 69 girls. More or less has been done in all of them to introduce the Romanized colloquial, but few of the teachers have been prepared to teach it. To help the teachers therefore, Dr. Whitney, who has charge of the day-

schools in his half of the station, and I, who have care of the day-schools in father's portion, introduced regular teacher's institutes by adding a day to the regular quarterly meetings, for the teachers alone. Previously at these quarterly meetings certain hours had been set apart for the day-school teachers, but in September of 1901 the first entire day was set aside for an institute. As Dr. Whitney was unfortunately debarred from taking part on account of "grippe," Miss Wiley was fortunately visiting me from the city and gave some interesting lessons in arithmetic, while Miss Borts gave a writing lesson, and I taught Romanized and geography. This, we trust, is the beginning of regular institutes in the future.

The great difficulty in introducing the Romanized, a step also taken up vigorously by missionaries in the other missions in Foochow, and being pushed largely in many parts of China, is the lack of text books. To begin to meet this need, my personal teacher this year has been working with me along this line. Dr. Ling is an enthusiast for Romanized himself, believing it to be the means of teaching the masses to read the bible, and that it also may be used to help scholars learn the classical character, which must be for years to come at least, the medium used to convey information through newspapers and most literature. With this latter thought in view, he has written out in Romanized the translation of the 2,000 classical characters in Dr. W. A. P. Martin's Analytical Reader, giving the classical pronunciation also in Romanized. There are three books in this series and they include the classical characters in most frequent use and are sufficient for all ordinary reading.

By acquiring the Romanized colloquial, which can be done in a few weeks, pupils will gain a clue, through this series of books, to all the Chinese characters needed for practical purposes. More than this, it is my intention to add the Mandarin as well as classical. It seems to me that if each local dialect would follow this method and prepare books with their local pronunciation of the classical characters together with the Pekinese Romanized Mandarin, it would do much to facilitate the study of Mandarin, which is used as both the spoken and written language over a very large portion of the Empire, and is very similar in its written form to the classical character throughout the Empire. All realize that a united Kingdom must depend largely on a universal language, both spoken and written, and it seems to me much is to be hoped for by printing such parallel books, linking all the dialects with the Mandarin, which on account of its present prestige practically demands the one leading place among the spoken dialects, as well as being the best developed of all the colloquial written languages.

One very important step is first to familiarize the people with their own local Romanized colloquial, then the transition to the study of the Mandarin colloquial will be easy. Toward this end during the past year, my teacher, Dr. Ling, has translated the Mandarin "Gospel History of Jesus Christ" into the Foochow colloquial. This series of books is not only valuable as a Bible course, but in a peculiar manner meets all the demands of a practice book for the Romanized, as the written answers required keep up constant practice in Romanized writing, which includes the ability to spell correctly. The only thing about Romanized which is specially difficult, and the one thing in which scientific mental drill is continually found, is the spelling. It is my firm conviction that the systematic practice of careful discrimination developed by Romanized spelling and writ-

ing, will greatly aid in helping the Chinese to a careful, discriminating study of the truths of the Bible.

Emily S. Hartwell.

Peace.

G. W. TUTTLE.

Peace, peace at last, but how many died
For the land that gave them birth.
And many of England's bravest sons
Have fought their last battle on earth.

British and Boer have scattered alike
Their bones o'er the veldt far away;
And which was British and which was Boer,
No prophet could tell today.

For there they lie, so peaceful and still;
No more they may know of strife.
And the grass grows green and wild flowers bloom,
Where they fought in the fullness of life.

Stop for a moment, think calmly
Of the widows that mourn their slain,
Who listen in vain for the footsteps
They never can hear again.

Think of the mothers, the Rachels;
Oh, pity the mothers today;
For no peace can bring back their sons to earth,
Think of the mothers and pray.

Think of the homes left desolate,
Think of the country laid waste,
In the cruel stress of warfare,
And make not war in haste.

God hasten the day when wars shall cease;
May we live to see its birth,
When peace shall reign with a loving sway
O'er all of God's green earth;

When man shall not lift up his arm
Against his brother in hate,
And love shall prevail in these hearts of ours,
While we God's blessing await.

Pasadena.

The Essentials to Prayer.

There are nine elements which are essential to true prayer. The first is adoration. We cannot meet God on a level at the start. We must approach him as One far beyond our reach or sight. The next is confession. Sin must be put out of the way. We cannot have any communion with God while there is any transgression between us. If there stands some wrong you have done a man, you cannot expect that man's favor until you go to him and confess the fault. Restitution is another. We have to make good the wrong, wherever possible. Thanksgiving is the next. We must be thankful for what God has done for us already. Then comes forgiveness, and then unity; and then for prayer, such as these things produce, there must be faith. Thus influenced, we shall be ready to offer direct petition. We hear a good deal of praying that is just exhorting, and if you did not see the man's eyes closed, you would suppose he was preaching. Then, much that is called prayer is simply finding fault. There needs to be more petition in our prayers. After all these, there must come submission. While praying, we must be ready to accept the will of God.—D. L. Moody, in "Prevailing Prayer."

Roman Catholicism counts 2,228,997 adherents in Canada. The Methodist communicants number 916,862; the Presbyterian, 842,301; the Anglican, 680,346.

Every blessing received creates an obligation.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes

The first four week-day evenings of the past week were occupied with exercises pertaining to the jubilee exercises of the Salem First church. On Monday evening an address on "Oregon and Salem of 1852" was given by Hon. R. P. Boise, who came that year to Salem. He came to the State two years before, from Massachusetts, to engage in the legal profession, and had established himself at Portland. His address was a most interesting one, and gave a vivid picture of the local conditions surrounding Salem a half century ago.

The next address was on "The Religious History of Early Oregon, Including the Year 1852," by George H. Himes.

On Tuesday evening the program was carried out under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E., and consisted of songs, recitations, and a history of the beginnings of that work in connection with the church.

On Wednesday evening a brief historical sketch of the church was given by Dr. Kantner; of the Sunday-school by J. B. T. Tuthill, superintendent; of the Ladies' Aid Society, by Mrs. Daniel J. Fry; and of the Woman's Missionary Society, by Mrs. W. C. Kantner. Following which, letters from former pastors and members were read. Among these, two brief papers were read from daughters of two of the original members of the church, who were little children at the time of the organization.

While the program of each evening was excellent in rendering and in detail, that for the closing hours of Thursday evening was prominent in interest, and formed a grand ending of the jubilee week. At 8 p. m. the members of the church, invited guests and friends assembled in the Baptist church, the use of which had been courteously given for the occasion, and listened to an address of marked power and suggestiveness by Rev. S. M. Freeland, who at one time had served as acting pastor for several months. He characterized each church as a lamp-stand to hold up the love of Christ as the light of the world, and clearly demonstrated the idea running through all of God's plans that there was unity in diversity; therefore he had no objection whatever to divisions of Christian people into denominations, and believes that by mutual tolerance the building up of the Kingdom of God was not hindered thereby. At the conclusion of this service the audience formed into a column of two and marched two blocks to the Congregational church and filed into the auditorium, from which the seats had been removed, and surrounded six tables, extending the entire length of the spacious auditorium and one crosswise at the west end, which were heavily laden with all of the daintiest delicacies which the most expert cooks could create, and arranged in a most tempting style, and was decorated with beautiful bouquets of the choicest flowers of the season.

The whole interior of the church was simply, yet handsomely decorated with long strips of evergreen boughs which were very gracefully and artistically draped and festooned around the walls, and from every corner of the room to the great chandeliers in the centre, which formed the centre piece of the decorations. Potted plants and bouquets of choice blossoms were arranged upon the rostrum and in the corners, heightening the effect wonderfully, and adding to the beauty of the scene. On the altar was a glass case containing many ancient relics of early New England history, owned by Mr. Louis Bradford, and loaned for the occasion. Sus-

pended over this was a very appropriate and attractive placard bearing the following words:

"Relics of

"Ye Ancient Tyme

"Ye 7th December, Anno Domini, 1620,
and years following.

"Kindlye loaned for this occasion by Mr. Lewis Bradford, of ye 7th generation. From Wm. Bradford, ye pilgrim and 2d Governor of ye Colonie of Plymouth who came over the grate water in ye Mayflower."

During the feast the guests were treated to a most delightful piano quartet by the Misses Leeds, Bushnell, Watson and Shelton, and this was much enjoyed.

Across the rear end of the large auditorium was set the "Table of Honor" at which, during the banquet, the guests of honor were seated, among them being some of the earliest pioneers of Oregon, as well as the Congregational church, and the most honored and respected citizens of the state, including Mrs. S. L. Thatcher, who enjoys the distinction of being the oldest resident member of the Salem church, her membership dating back to March 2, 1861. The list follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. T. Tuthill, Mrs. S. L. Thatcher, Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Freeland, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Kantner, Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Moores, Mrs. C. M. Parmenter, Mrs. W. D. Palmer, Mrs. Helen Stratton, George H. Himes, Judge and Mrs. R. P. Boise, Dr. and Mrs. John Parsons, and Hon. and Mrs. John Minto.

J. B. T. Tuthill presided over this table as toastmaster and filled the office with ability and dignity.

Hon. John Minto, who is one of the earliest pioneers of the Pacific Coast, to say nothing of the Congregational church of Salem, and one of Salem's most revered residents, was the first speaker called upon to respond to the toast of "Our Earliest Pioneers."

Mr. Minto, among many other things, said that he first came to this country during the year 1844, before Portland was ever named. He gave a very vivid description of the members of the party with which he migrated, and a brief review of the hardships which were endured during the voyage, which was very interesting and held the attention of all throughout and was several times interrupted with enthusiastic applause. Mr. Minto, notwithstanding his 80 years, has a very clear recollection of the most minute details of the experience of the first expedition; is possessed of great abilities of expression, and his historical address was listened to with eagerness by his auditors.

Mrs. Alice H. Dodd was the next speaker called upon and spoke at a considerable length upon the "Men of the Christian Pioneers," reciting a long list of names of pioneers of the Congregational church of Oregon, and concluded with a glowing tribute to the memory of all. Her address was very impressive and greatly appreciated.

Rev. S. M. Freeland responded to Mrs. Dodd's eulogy of the "Men" with a very brief but pretty tribute to the "Women," saying, after reciting a few amusing anecdotes which created considerable merriment, that "as Mrs. Dodd had said all the good things imaginable about the men, the best tribute he could pay to the women would be to say that, since there were twice as many of them in the church as of the men, therefore they were twice as good as the men."

Mrs. W. D. Palmer, who was young when the church was built and grew up with it, and one of the first members of the Sunday-school, was next called upon to

speak upon the "Sabbath-school," and related a brief outline of the history of the school from its founding, and recalled several pleasant reminiscences in connection with it. She could not only remember the name of her first teacher, Mrs. C. M. Parmenter, who sat at the table with her, but could call the roll of all the members of the class, illustrating her assertion by calling the maiden names of seven of her classmates, all of whom were present but now matrons and rather advanced in years, and much impressiveness was added to the moment by these ladies answering "present" as their names were called.

Rev. John Parsons, of the First M. E. church, of this city, delighted his hearers in a very beautiful address upon the subject, "Our Sister Churches." He was very generous in his compliments which he heaped upon the Congregational church, its members and its good works, and described the relation of the different churches in Salem as a "family," and said that a "very pleasant family feeling existed among all of the churches in this city," and concluded with congratulation to the church upon its splendid record of the past. He referred very reverentially to the diary of the late Cyrus Shepherd, who came with Jason Lee in 1834, and stated that in it was recorded that the first church upon the Pacific Coast was erected near Salem, on the first Sunday in April, 1835, which he regarded as the first church and the day should be observed as such by all churches regardless of creed.

Mr. Clifford Kantner, son of the pastor, and an accomplished musician, rendered a bass solo, "Annie Laurie," to his own accompaniment.

Letters of regret were received from the Episcopal rector of Salem, and Rev. C. F. Clapp, Superintendent C. H. M. S.

Rev. P. S. Knight, who was for many years the beloved pastor of this church, and an old pioneer, was called upon to speak upon the subject, "Founders and the Task." He spoke most interestingly, recalling scenes connected with the church in its earliest history, stating in his mind's eye, he fancied he could see the faces of his old congregation in their accustomed places which they almost invariably occupied. His address concluded in calling down a blessing upon all.

Rev. W. C. Kantner, the pastor, concluded the speaking with an address, "The Future of the Church." He summarized his address in the statement that he "regarded the possibilities of the future of the church as much more promising than the accomplishments of the past, however glorious they have been, and have no fears for the future." He also expressed, on behalf of the church and its members, the appreciation which was felt in the remarks of Dr. Parsons as to the sisterly relations of the churches of Salem, and also the friendship expressed by the other churches which was evidenced the presence of the respective pastors.

This occasion will be a matter of record as one of the brightest events in its history, and was brought to a most impressive close by the audience rising to their feet and lifting their voices in one mighty chorus in singing the first stanza of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and the benediction by Rev. P. S. Knight. Then the entire body slowly and solemnly filed out and wended their way homeward with their hearts filled with thanksgiving, commingled with sadness and mirth and the memory of the occasion which shall never be blotted out.

* * *

At the Riverside Congregational church, Hood River, the communion was observed, and three new mem-

bers were received by letter. There was a very large attendance, and among the worshipers were Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., and wife, of the First church, of Oakland.

Since the inauguration of the new mayor of this city, Hon. George H. Williams, the viler elements of Portland have been seriously disturbed. Mayor Williams is not an impracticable idealist, but he sounded a note in his message to the effect that he proposed to see that all laws upon the city statute books restricting the trio of flagrant evils, liquor selling, gambling, and the social evil were enforced. This positive position has now been supported by orders to the police department to enforce existing laws. This order is backed up by the moral as well as the legal support of the board of police commissioners. At last it seems as if the plea that the "laws cannot be enforced" will not avail, because it is apparent that there is a man in the mayor's chair who really and truly wants the laws enforced, and who does not believe that "the legitimate business of the city will be injured" by such enforcement.

Portland, July 13, 1902.

Buena Park.

At a recent prayer-meeting of the church at Buena Park, the members kindly requested the pastor to retire from the room. The clerk then presented the retaining of Rev. O. L. Corbin as the pastor of the church indefinitely, and that he might be installed in the near future. A vote was taken to this effect and it was unanimously carried.

The kindest of relations have been established between pastor and people during the year about to close, and Mr. Corbin is not alone pastor of the church, but is widely liked and greatly beloved by the whole community.

The church services are well attended and there has been increased interest in all departments of the work. His wife is doing good work as president of the Woman's Missionary Society, and Superintendent of the Junior C. E. The parsonage is an attractive place for the parishioners and friends. The installation will take place in September or October.

During the year of Mr. Corbin's pastorate the church has become self-supporting, and there is a stronger missionary spirit existing than ever before.

A Ladies' Aid Society (not a church society) has contributed largely toward the church and has almost entirely furnished the parsonage.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Eckles of Green Valley are spending their vacation in Pasadena. During their absence, through the month of July, there is no regular preaching service held, but the "faithful few" meet together each Sabbath for the help and inspiration that they can get from one another—in song and prayer and thought expressed.

On Monday, the 14th, Dr. and Mrs. Frary of Pomona started East, intending to spend their vacation in New England, to be gone two months. During Dr. Frary's absence the pulpit will be supplied by Ex-President Brooks and his son, Rev. R. C. Brooks of Oakland.

There is no heaven, either in this world or the world to come, for people who do not praise God.—Pulsford.

Boys and Girls.

The Berries and the Cream.

KATE WALLACE CLEMENTS.

A dish of berries, a jug of cream,
 Stood on the pantry shelf,
 Said the cream unto the berries,
 "You've quite an opinion of yourself."
 "Why not," the berries quickly replied,
 "Am I not luscious, sweet,
 A fitting dish, I've heard cook say,
 For e'en a king to eat."
 "Agreed, agreed," the cream replied,
 With high and lofty mien.
 "'Tis said, however, berries should
 Be always served with cream."
 "So without me to set you off,
 I know you'll quite agree
 Your flavor would be lacking,
 Quite tasteless you would be."
 So each one clamored loudly
 Their merits to extol,
 This foolish little jug of cream
 And berries in a bowl.
 Just here the cook came hurrying in
 It was her day to bake.
 "I'll use this fruit and cream," said she,
 "To make a nice short cake."
 She tasted first the berries red,
 But made a face so wry.
 "How very bitter," she exclaimed,
 "Not fit to make a pie."
 She next sipped from the jug of cream
 And found it thick and sour.
 "The thunder turned this cream," quoth
 she,
 "Just when we had that shower."
 She hustled here, and bustled there,
 To serve the meal on time.
 The berries and the cream were cast
 To Farmer Rhodes' swine.
 This story has a moral,
 Which no doubt you plainly see,
 Don't have too big an opinion
 Of yourself twixt you and me.
 Lest like the foolish fruit and cream,
 The gifts you highly prize
 Will appear to less advantage
 In other people's eyes.
 For if you've any merits,
 There's not the slightest doubt
 That sooner, dear, or later,
 The world will find them out.—Selected.

A Spider's Home.

"What ails our new clock?" said father one day, as he came home from his work and found mother just putting on the potatoes in order to get dinner. "It is twelve o'clock now, and our clock lacks a whole half-hour of the right time."

"I don't know," said mother, "it has always kept very good time until now."

Just then Elsa came running in from school, saying, "O mother, I was late at school this morning, and Miss Prentiss was so sorry, because she had been teaching the children a new song that I missed!"

Father moved both hands of the clock around until both pointed straight up. Now Elsa knew what time it was, and guessed why she had been late that morning. "Now, Elsa," said father, "run over to Aunt Jennie's to see if we can borrow her watch for a day. If our clock keeps

on telling the wrong time we might be late again tomorrow without the watch."

Elsa skipped away, pleased to help father, and pleased to think that Aunt Jennie might slip the watch-chain around her neck and the pretty watch into her apron pocket, so that she could wear it all the way home. When she came back, the watch was hung up on a nail beside the clock. The next morning, when father looked, he found that the clock was slower than ever; but he again set it right with the watch. It could not keep up, but grew slower and slower, until finally it stopped altogether.

"Now," said father, "I will open the door that has always been tightly closed to see if I can find out the trouble with our new clock." Elsa and mother peeped over his shoulder, and what do you suppose they saw? Why, somebody's little home, all fixed up there among the pretty wheels, with curtains, draperies, and other silken things. The one who made all this was scampering away as fast as his six little legs would carry him.

"That's right," said father, "hurry away, for you have just tied our clock up with so much spinning that it cannot go at all. You and the clock are both such busy workers; but you cannot work together, so you had better fix up a home somewhere else."

Father brushed the spider's work all away, when the wheels commenced turning and the pendulum said its soft "tick-tock" again. Baby waved his tiny hand to show how the clock goes, for he had been watching, too. Father set the hands again with Aunt Jennie's watch, and the next morning both were together telling the right time.—Selected.

Capital, Three Cents.

One day in 1862 a boy who lived in Portland, Me., asked his mother for a quarter for spending money. He had at the time in his pocket three cents remaining from what his mother had given him a few days before. The mother said, "Why don't you try to earn some money, Cyrus, and thus have spending money of your own?"

"Can I have all I make?" he inquired. "Certainly," she answered.

The boy forthwith began to plan. Running across a newsboy in the street, Cyrus offered him a penny each for three papers. The regular price was three cents, but the boy was overstocked and gladly made the sale. Cyrus sold his papers at three cents each, and went home richer by six cents.

This was the beginning of a fortune which Cyrus Curtis, the owner of the "Ladies Home Journal" and the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post," has since acquired. After that first business venture young Curtis sold papers regularly when out of school. When but thirteen years old he published a little amateur sheet called

"Young America." He paid the printer five dollars for printing 400 copies. The business did not succeed, however, but this didn't discourage the boy. Saving a few dollars from the sale of newspapers, he went to Boston, where he purchased a small printing outfit and established a little printing office.

From these humble beginnings Mr. Curtis became one of the great publishers of the present day.—American Boy.

A Cow with an Ear for Music.

My father, who is a minister, had a fine little cow of which he was very fond, and his affection was reciprocated by the cow. Once or twice she escaped from the barnyard and followed him to church, bawling after him, through an open window. As this did not add to the solemnity of the service, Daisy was sold to one of her master's parishioners. She went well recommended as a good milk cow, and perfectly gentle, but the next day her new master came to say that she would not let any of them milk her. They didn't think that Brother A—— would tell what was not true, even in recommending a cow, but the cow would not stand to be milked.

My father went over at once, took the pail and began to milk, singing, from force of habit, as he beat time with the shining streams. Light broke over the face of Mrs. H. as she exclaimed, "I know what was the matter! We didn't sing to her!"

Mr. H. sat down and began to milk and sing, and they had no trouble about Daisy not standing still to be milked, unless they forgot to sing.—Maybell Whiting in "Pacific Baptist."

Something About Sponges.

Sponges grow in odd, fantastic shapes. Some of them have an overgrowth resembling huge warts. There are some suggesting hands, hats and figures of idols. These are curiosities and not marketable for practical use. In trimming them into shape many small sponges are made which are used for children's slates, for blacking shoes and in making paper. The uses vary according to size.

One of the largest sponges known is in New York City. It is fan-shape and some three feet in diameter. For practical use it is worthless, but as an exhibit it is valued at \$100.

The best sponges are imported from the Mediterranean although Florida produces very fine varieties. These vary in price from a cent to \$20 apiece, although occasionally fine specimens bring \$60 a pound. The best of these are used in surgical operations.

Other sponges are the mandruka batt, the elephant-ear, velvet, grass and sheep's wool, which is best for washing. The cheap sponges are used in washing carriages and by painters.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Home Circle.

If only sweetest bells were rung,
How we should miss the minor chimes!
If only grandest poets sung,
There'd be no simple little rhymes.
The modest clinging vine adds grace
To all the forest's giant oaks
And mid earth's mighty is a place
To people with just common folks.

Not they the warriors who shall win
Upon the battlefield a name
To sound above the awful din;
Not theirs the painter's deathless fame;
Not theirs the poet's muse that brings
The rhythmic gift his soul invokes:
Theirs but to do the simple things
That duty gives just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above
The level of the human plane;
They share with men a fellow love,
In touch with pleasure and with pain.
One great, far-reaching brotherhood,
With common burdens, common yokes,
And common wrongs and common good—
God's army of just common folks.

—Nixon Waterman

The Worth of Courtesy.

Courtesy is one of the rarer graces of character which many people neglect to cultivate. It is taken generally for granted that the average man will be honest, temperate, truth-loving, punctual, but it is rather assumed that beyond a few cardinal virtues which society rigorously insists upon, and a few conventional requirements which must be regarded by all who would share its smiles, character may go to seed and fray itself out in all sorts of raggedness of speech and action. Among these faults thus commonly condoned is the failure to be courteous. A man whose form and action may be perfect at an assembly, is rude in a street car, and perhaps positively snabby in his speech to his clerk or "typist." A woman who is all graciousness when receiving her guests in a drawing room, is curt to her maid, and never thinks of bestowing a few kind words or even a smile on a shop girl. It would appear that some people have not manners enough to go around.

Yet much of this positive discourtesy to equals or inferiors, or what often amounts much to the same thing, want of courtesy, is due, not so much to malice prepense, as to sheer thoughtfulness or even in some cases bashfulness. It takes time and tact to be polite, and in this age of hurry-scurry few people except wizened maiden ladies—or dyspeptic old bachelors have any time to speak of—or think that they have. Yet nothing in a small way is really so much worth while as good manners. To many people kind words are better than gold. Gold they may have or can earn, but kind words are not for sale on any social bargain counter. Many a heart is hungry for a gracious look, or a sympathetic touch of the hand; and this craving for sympathy exists among the rich as truly as among the poor. There is a moderate supply of

conventional courtesy on hand; but a great want exists for this style of courtesy to which we have been referring, which is hearty, free, intelligent, tactful, and which goes out of its way to invent new ways of being gracious to its fellows. Courtesy may be an art, but if so it is the kind of art which implies the cultivation of natural aptitudes, and whose resultant is not the suppression but the supplementing of the spontaneous instincts of the heart.

For the large majority of the people whom we meet in life, we can do no great thing. The most that can be done for multitudes is to give them an appreciative word, a wise counsel or a kind smile as we nod and pass on our way. Yet every one of these social or business contacts should be prized and improved as an opportunity for some exercise of courtesy. The word or look of the moment may serve as an index of the whole character. Others can gauge us in a twinkling, and we them, for better or worse. Very desirable then is it that these flashlight judgments should be favorable, because of the exhibition there afforded of the spirit of true kindness which reigns at the heart of the stranger, and that such hasty interviews should be memorable because of some sign or act of courtesy by which the episode was marked. Many a soul after a chance meeting with some kind and gracious spirit, has gone singing on its way, by reason of the cheer or inspiration then and there obtained. If the whole history of the world were published, many of the most touching and thrilling chapters would be composed of stories from real life, stranger than fiction, illustrating the worth of courtesy.—New York Observer.

How to Train Children.

It is a natural and pardonable vanity for parents to wish their children to be intelligent and presentable on family festivals, and for the inspection of friends and acquaintances. But when, to foster this innocent vanity, they keep their dear little ones always prim and tidy, like a new bonnet in its band-box, and cram their tender minds with all kinds of book knowledge, it is a grievous wrong, which sooner or later will yield baneful fruit. Precocious children almost uniformly die young, or grow into very commonplace adults, and it is from the healthy, wild, and almost ungovernable ranks of the nursery that a brilliant future may be predicted. The following advice from Blackwood's Magazine is worth reading in every family circle:

"How I have heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor children! I remember you looking at a group of them, and reflecting: 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and turning away thoughtfully and saying: 'Of such is the kingdom of trade.'"
"A child of three years of age! What should a child three years old—nay, five or six years years old—be taught? Strong

meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes.

"I would say to every parent, especially to every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the country be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out-of-door play soils them not inwardly. There is a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes.

"Let children have free, open-air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkey and the chickens; they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones. Encourage familiarity with all that love to court them; dumb animals love children, and children love them.

"Above all things make them loving, then they will be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees will never shut their door upon you, and point where they would-have you go."

Its.

If you are getting lazy, read James.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arm around you.

If you are getting discouraged about your work read Psalm cxxvi and Gal. vii: 7-9.

If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation, and get a glimpse of the promised land.

If you are out of sorts, read Hebrews xii.

If people are down with the blues, read Psalm xxviii.

If people pelt you with hard words, read John xv.

If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read Psalm xci.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read I Cor. xiii.

If there is a chillv sensation about the heart, read Revelation iii.

If the stovepipe has fallen down, and the cook gone off in a pout, put up the pipe, wash your hands and read James iii.—The Methodist Churchman.

Were there no God, I still would thank
the source, though all unknown,
Wherein are born the joys of men, the
gifts I call my own.
The heart impels the tongue to speak
since to my lot belong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily
and a song.

The savage beast, the poison vine, the
evil of the earth—
I know not if the good and bad were only
one at birth;
But all the world seems gracious when I
set against the wrong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily
and a song.

—Waterman.

Why We Believe the Bible.

Why do we believe this Bible? Because it has been handed down to us by our fathers? No, no! Because the church has authoritatively ordered us to believe it? Not at all! Because experts in scholarship have declared it sufficiently safe to believe some parts of it? Nay, verily! Because it purports to be a revelation from God? By no manner of means! Then, upon what does the Bible rest for its ultimate authority over the hearts of men? Because the fruits of this Word of God have been such as they are—that is, the simple, final test.

Sinful and sorrowing men have come to this Word of God, and have found the way of forgiveness and peace. They have been transformed from an old evil life to a new and beautiful life of righteousness. The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which stands in the midst of it illuminates it everywhere, and has again and again proved to be the power of God unto the salvation of men. The quality of its perennial fruits commends the Bible to us, and judged by its fruits there is no other such book in the world.

This book we believe because the fruits of it have been dynamic in revolutionizing lives. This book we believe because in it we find the vision of God, and of a redeemed and rejuvenated society. We believe it, not because of its canonicity, not because the ages have accepted it, not because men hold it before us and say, "You must believe it, or perish," but we believe it because in our own hearts and in our own study of human history we have found that its fruits are of God. It is the supreme test which Jesus Christ applied. It is the test to which every society, every church and every school must submit.—N. E. Wood, D.D., in "Pittsburg Christian Advocate."

Service that Ennobles.

No one is too young nor too old, or too weak or too strong-willed, or too poor or too rich, or too sober or too frivolous, to be used of Christ to accomplish great things.

There was a little hungry boy once go-

ing barefooted in the snow, singing from house to house for his pittance of daily bread, but God raised up that boy to be the father of Protestantism. All the world acknowledges the debt it owes to Martin Luther.

I heard a young fellow say once, "Oh, well, it is always poor boys who become great men! Even God could make nothing of a dandy." But let me tell you what one dandy did. He was a most exquisite young man, with lace ruffles on his wrists, velvet coat, and everything about him as dainty and costly as the belongings of the most petted belle; but that dandy went down into the slums of London and started the first Sunday-school, himself the superintendent, teacher, janitor and preserver of the discipline. Every Sunday-school the world around is a monument to the dandy Robert Raikes.

The service of God is the highest in the world because it ennobles each one who serves. There were hundreds of Galilean fisherman forgotten long ago, but the twelve who followed Christ will be remembered and honored as long as time and eternity endure. Thousands of men lived and died in Ur of the Chaldees, but it was only in Abraham, who so answered to God's call that all the nations of the earth were blessed. Truly, the Father spake in his Word concerning his faithful follower: "I will deliver him and honor him."—Bertha E. Bush in "Wesleyan Christian Advocate."

Transforming Power of Christianity.

Simply to be a Christian is enough to turn the world upside down. It turns the night to day, sorrow to joy, discord to harmony. To be a Christian is not simply to save yourself, but to become part of an organization. And to be loyal to your divine Lord you are to suffer and serve with it to save the world. You begin your new and never-ending record this night: Do not delude yourself by waiting for the so-called great opportunity. Measured by its results, any opportunity may be great. A poor artist may want a square rod of canvas on which to begin his work, but a canvas three inches square is a sufficient opportunity for Raphael to begin his masterpiece. A tyro musician may refuse to play till he has a perfect violin, but a Paganini holds you entranced with a single string across an old shoe. An indifferent writer may hesitate, waiting for some great theme, but a Burns touches you with his sweet story of the "wee mouse" turned by the farmer's plowshare. We must not forget that while we are to "forget the things behind," we also are to press forward.—M. E. Harlan, D.D., in "Central Christian Advocate."

A Ministry without Words.

If Christian service were all talking and praying in meetings and visiting the sick, it would be discouraging to some talentless people. But are our tongues the only faculties we can use for Christ? There are ways in which even the silent people can do service for God and be a blessing in the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky and is a benediction to many. A flower cannot sing bird-songs, but its sweet beauty and gentle fragrance make it a blessing wherever it is seen. Be like a star in your peaceful shining and many will thank God for your life. Be like a flower in your pure beauty and in the influence of your unselfish spirit and you may do more to bless the world than many who talk incessantly. The living sacrifice does not always mean active work. It may mean the patient endurance of a wrong, the quiet bearing of a pain, cheerful acquiescence in a disappointment.

"Noble deeds are held in honor;
But the wide world sadly needs
Hearts of patience to unravel
The words of common deeds."

—Glimpses Through Life's Windows.

Pipe Organ For Sale

Sealed bids will be received until 7:30 p. m. Monday, September 1st, 1902, for the purchase of the pipe organ now in use in the First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif. Purchasers to remove organ from present location at their expense, and on or about November 1, 1902.

Address proposals to the Trustees First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif., endorsed, "Proposal for purchase of Pipe Organ."

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THE FIRSTBORN.

Why is it that the firstborn child is so often the healthiest of a family of children? The reason seems to suggest itself. As child follows child the mother has less and less vitality; often not enough for herself and none, therefore, for her child.

Expectant mothers who use Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription find that it keeps them in vigorous health. They eat well, sleep well and are not nervous. When baby comes its advent is practically painless, and the mother is made happy by the birth of a healthy child. If you would be a healthy mother of healthy children use "Favorite Prescription."

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. P. S. Douglas, of Mansonville, Brome Co., Quebec. "During the first four months, when I looked forward to becoming a mother, I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting, and I felt so terribly sick I could scarcely eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce, and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I got a bottle of each, and when I had taken them a few days, I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble (I could not do anything before). I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine, and I tell all who tell me they are sick, to get these medicines, or write to Dr. Pierce."

Those who suffer from chronic diseases are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.



God is more ready to give us good gifts than we are ready to take them. Every morning God is readier to give us better things, and more of them, than we are to ask for them or to accept them. When we are in sorrow, when we are in trial, when we are in doubt, when we are in darkness, God is ready to make our lot a blessed one. Ought we not be willing to be thus blessed?—S. S. Times.

GRIM FIGURES PROVE the death-rate among children in summer, an anxious time for mothers because bowel troubles are rampant. What a mercy it is that we have Perry Davis' Painkiller to save our little ones.

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THE SHADOWS OF LIFE.

What he does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. I remember on a glorious day of almost cloudless sunshine passing in view of a familiar line of bare and majestic downs, then baking in the full beams of noon. But on one face of the hill rested a mass of deep and gloomy shadow. On searching for its cause I at length discovered one little speck of cloud bright as light floating in the clear blue above.

This it was that cast on the hillside that track of gloom.

And what I saw was an image of Christian sorrow. Dark and cheerless often it is, and unaccountably as it passes over our earthly path, in heaven its tokens shall be found; and it shall be known to have been but a shadow of this brightness whose name is love.—Dean Alford.

Once a Bible was baked in a loaf of bread. That was in a far-away country called Austria. Some wicked men came into the house to find the Bible and burn it, but the woman who owned it was just going to bake bread; so she rolled up her Bible in a big loaf and put it in the oven. When the men went away, she took out the loaf and the Bible was not hurt a bit. That was a good place to hide a Bible, wasn't it? But I'll tell you a still better place. David knew of the place when he said, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart."—Selected.

A new Wesley story is told by Sir Edward Russell of the Liverpool "Post," who had it from an old lady living on the Isle of Man. Her great-grandfather once entertained John Wesley, and at that time her grandfather was a little boy. He was allowed, as a great honor, to come to dinner, and Wesley patted him on the head at the close of the meal and asked what he meant to be when he grew up. "I'm going to be a preacher," said the youngster; "there are always such good dinners when the preachers come."

I see in this world two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap, and add it to the first, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something.—John Newton.

The perseverance of the saints is made up of ever-new beginnings.

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Jesus still calls little children and sets them before us for an example. I pass on a wonderful lesson I learned from a wee one the other day. A great storm was raging. Overhead, lightning flashed in the somber sky. Round the everlasting hills encircling us reverberated the thunder. It was a beautiful but awe-inspiring scene. In the midst of the storm a little girl asked, "What is the thunder, mammy?" "I think it is God's voice," was the answer. A terrific clap followed, and the child was

seen to bow her head. I called her to my side. "Why do you bow your head when the thunder comes?" I asked in my elderly, blind ignorance. "I'm answering God," was the reply, given with a crimson flush, flooding from brow to chin. "And what do you say, darling?" "I say what Samuel said," was the sweet whisper returned. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

If the devil ever laughs it must be at hypocrites; they serve him well and receive no wages.—Anon.

CHARLES WESLEY'S HYMN.

A while ago there died a lady who had for many years been a member of the Church of England, says "The Methodist Recorder," of London. In early life she had been a Wesleyan, and belonged to an old and well-known Methodist family, and always kept a warm place in her heart for the Church and people of her godly father and mother. After her death her niece who had always been an Anglican, said to a Wesleyan lady, "I am so glad that dear aunt, when she was dying, said one of our own church hymns, out of our own book; it showed she was really a church-woman by heart." "What was the hymn?" asked the Wesleyan, who knew that the old lady was steeped in Wesleyan hymnology. "O," said the niece, "it was a hymn we often sing in church, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul!'" "Ah," said the Wesleyan, "that was a delightful hymn of Charles Wesley's that your aunt learned when she was a girl at home."

He who rakes up old grievances should make of them a bonfire.

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More dear in the sight of God and his angels than any other conquest is the conquest of self, which each man, with the help of heaven, can secure for himself. — Dean Stanley.

CHILDREN ARE IN DANGER in our fierce summers, when cholera morbus and other bowel troubles are rampant. Save your little ones by giving them Perry Davis' Painkiller. Plain directions will be found on each bottle.

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